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Forgiven?

I saw Love stand,
Not as he was ere we in conflict met,
But pale and wan. I knelt—I caught his hand—
"O Love," I cried, "I did not understand!
Forgive—forget!"

Love raised his head
And smiled at me, with weary eyes and worn.
"I have forgot—what was it all?" he said;
"Only—my hands are scarred where they have bled;
My wings are torn."

Jeannette Bliss Gillespy

Jack Ford's Original Story

I

"IF you please, can we get into the Library by this entrance?"

Jack Ford, the person addressed, stopped in his precipitous descent of the Library steps, and observing that his interrogator was a young girl accompanied by an elderly lady, he answered the inquiry by retracing his steps and holding open the front door of the Columbia Library. As the two visitors entered, the younger acknowledged Ford's courtesy by a gracious smile and bow. He watched them walk into the spacious vestibule and then stand gazing about, evidently awed by the impressiveness of their surroundings, and at the same time, uncertain whether to proceed through the passage to the right, or to the left, or try to open the gate in front.

"As I've two hours free before my next class," thought Ford, "why not offer myself as University guide, and show them around? The old lady looks a trifle fierce, but the girl's a picture." The next minute he was at their side. "If you ladies would care to be shown about the building, I am at your service."

"Auntie and I would be very grateful to you, I am sure. We have come to town on purpose to see Columbia, and it is all new to us."

As "Auntie" made no objections, Ford proceeded to do the honors of the University. A succession of stairs to mount had soon tired the elderly lady, who sat down on a settee to rest, while the young people descended to the basement. The young girl seemed indefatigable.

"How many books!" she exclaimed, looking at the stacks on the basement floor. "Do you know how many there are?"

"Five hundred thousand," answered Ford promptly, jumping at an impressive-sounding number.

"It's a *weird* looking place," she continued.

"Yes; isn't it? There are lots of old writers buried in there," remarked Ford.

"Really? How interesting!"—with a little shudder—"but I'm afraid Auntie will be tired waiting for us. Shall we go up?"

"These are Seminar rooms," said Ford, when they were again upstairs. "Only students doing the most advanced work come here."

"Are you a seminar?" she asked, respectfully.

"I had just come down when I met you," said Ford, evasively, trying to repress a smile.

"We live in Cranford," remarked the Unknown, in a burst of confidence, as they were resting in the gallery of the reading-room.

"Cranford, New Jersey? Then I may have passed your home on my wheel, for I often spin out that way."

"I hope you will stop and rest the next time you go by," she replied, sweetly. "It's right on the main street—a white house with pillars."

At the close of the hour Ford excused himself, and the two strangers continued to wander over the grounds, the younger, at least, duly impressed with what she had seen, and firmly convinced that their guide was a great mogul in Columbia affairs, clever scholar, champion athlete, and a personal friend of the President and every member of the Faculty.

II

Fred Matthews sat disconsolately on the steps of the Physics Building, trying to extract ideas from a half-smoked pipe. You would have said that he looked like a man of ideas. He had a thoughtful brow, and deep-set eyes that peered out at you from behind his gold-rimmed spectacles in an absent-minded way, as though he were incessantly at work on a mathematical problem. Fred Matthews had ideas,—his classmates knew that, and had dubbed him "The Professor." Nevertheless he was in trouble. The rhetoric course required of him an original story,—of him, who had never written a story in his life, who was the most practical, unimaginative man in the class of '99!

By the law of attraction, Matthews' chum was flippant Jack Ford, who just then came toward him from his adventure.

"Hello, Matthews, what's the matter? You look distressed."

"It's that original story, hang it!"

"You shouldn't leave your story till the last minute."

"I wouldn't if I could only get onto a plot."

"As far as I can see," remarked Ford, gazing over the campus, "we're told to 'keep off the plots.'"

"Don't be facetious, but make yourself useful, and give me a start with a good introduction."

"Oh that's not always necessary," said Ford. "I came upon my plot this morning without an introduction."

"Have you written it up?"

"Not yet; but I've time enough this hour if I don't waste it all talking to you," said Ford, starting to walk away.

"You shouldn't leave your story till the last minute," called Matthews. "But say, Ford, what's it about?" he added, as he slowly rose, knocked the ashes from his pipe, and joined his friend.

"Here it is in brief," began Ford, as they strolled across the campus. "Scene:—Columbia Library on a spring morning. Characters:—In the foreground, pretty girl from the country, very charming, but gullible; yellow hair, blue eyes, pink cheeks,—all topped off by an outlandish hat like a flower-bed in full bloom; also, Columbia student in golf suit. In the background, spinster aunt, silent and grim-looking, in rusty black; aunt gets conveniently tired and sits down to rest; the other two ramble through Library, subterranean passages, etc. See?"

Then they went inside to write up their stories.

III

Near the end of the hour, two members of '99, unusually busy, were the sole occupants of a lecture-room on the first floor of one of the halls.

"Finished!" said Ford, at length, folding his manuscript and throwing it on the desk where his chum was writing away. "Lively tale. My! wouldn't the heroine recognize herself if she could read it! You through yet?"

"Just getting it into shape," replied the other,

"'if shape it might be called, that shape had none.'"

"Matthews here yet, Ford?" asked one of the class, appearing at the open door.

"Yes, the Professor is in there writing a story and quoting Milton all at once," replied Ford.

It happened that just at that moment the fair Unknown and her aunt, still on their rambles through the College, were walking down the hall, and caught the magic name of Matthews.

"Auntie, look! Brander Matthews is in there, the one who writes such lovely stories! He's a professor here at Columbia, you know. And there is our guide in the golf suit. He's Mr. Ford; I heard someone call him so."

Ford caught the young girl's eye and bowed.

"That is Professor Matthews in there, isn't he?" she exclaimed, enthusiastically. "Do you think he would mind if I spoke to him?"

Ford's eyes twinkled with mischief.

"Go right in," he said. "He's writing in there now."

"Mr. Matthews, I want to tell you how much I enjoy your stories. I have come quite a distance hoping to see you. Would you mind letting me have your autograph, just as a souvenir, you know?"

Matthews looked dazed and blushed deeply. Then the situation gradually dawned upon him. He glanced from the girl to Ford, who was just disappearing from the doorway, convulsed with laughter.

"Here is a little sketch," he said, taking up some manuscript and handing it to the girl. "You may have *that* if you like."

"O, thank you, very much!" she said, as she joined her companion, her eyes sparkling with the success of her venture.

"What in thunder has become of my story?" said Ford, as the class was assembling a few minutes later.

"Such a lively story, it must have walked off," suggested Matthews.

"Fred Matthews, you didn't —— !"

"It's a poor game that two can't play at," replied Matthews, calmly.

Ford and Matthews are on speaking terms once more, but when bicycling through Cranford, Ford has never stopped to rest at a white house with pillars.

Mary M. Brackett

Stars

Out of the shadow-laden skies,
In luminous impatience of the night,
As souls to brightness out of sorrow rise,
The stars break forth that make the dark seem bright.

Faintly appearing in their train,
Waiting, as if humility were meet,
Like hearts whose kindly glow outlives their pain,
The stars come forth that make the night seem sweet.

Fair are they all, but which shines best,
He only knows by whom the light was given;
In greater radiance though some lives are drest,
The stars that seem most faint are nearest heaven.

John Erskine

Sonnet

O men and women, beautiful and gay,
Gay as the sunshine, beautiful as dawn,
Who love the bloom, forget the blossom gone,
Dance with the sunlight, sleep the night away—
What can you know of feeding vigils gray
With fuel of vain longing? How should you,
For whose bright bloom your own heart brings its dew,
Taste of the gall hid in the flower of day?
But I, oh I have nourished, all apart,
Flowers of passion with my biting tears;
Oh, I have fanned the ashes of despair
With all the sighs of these my passionate years;
Yea, I have gnawed the heart of night and care,
To keep myself from gnawing mine own heart.

J. E. S.

Comments

WE are glad to see that Mr. Gelett Burgess is at it again, and that the Lark at length has a successor. The new paper, which is published quarterly, although thin enough for a weekly, is called the Enfant Terrible. The editorial staff comprises Mr. Burgess and Mr. Oliver Herford, Governors, and Miss Carolyn Wells, Governess. The following rules and regulations are interesting:

"RULES OF THE NURSERY

1. No one not duly appointed an Honorary Infant shall be allowed to contribute except on payment of the usual space rates. Ten dollars per column.

2. Business communications must be addressed to the Publisher, and all communications or contributions, together with a retaining fee of ten dollars each, to the Governors at the above address. MSS. not thus franked will be confiscated.

3. The TERRIBLE INFANT does not desire stories or poems depending for their interest upon Juvenile Dialect, Nursery Local Color, or Holiday Realism."

We do not think that under these conditions the Enfant Terrible will be obliged to refuse many contributions. We are hardly afraid that it will draw our old contributors away from us, since at present it costs not a cent for a man to publish his prose and verse in the Morningside.

At the first glimpse, the Enfant Terrible seems a bit disappointing. It is so much more conventional in size, paper and types, than the Lark. The contents, however, are quite as delectably nonsensical as the most exacting connoisseur of nonsense could demand. The "Easy Lessons in Logic" are the only things that could well be spared. The following is an example:

"Money is the Root of all Evil:
Economy is wealth,
Therefore, Economy is Evil."

There are many things of the same sort quite as amusing as this in Professor Hyslop's "Logic" which at least was not intended to be a humorous work. The following Limerick, technically so-called, is quite worthy of the pen which produced "The Purple Cow." We wish we could reproduce the illustration; it is illuminating:

"This Infant,—the fat one who squints,—
Is really a Japanese Quince.
The other, I guess,
Is a Chinese Quincess
Grafted on from a Louis Seize chintz."

The "Bohemians of Boston" is a rather clever thing in its way. It is the shocking story of a very wild and wicked organization called the Orchids' Club. A few extracts may interest our readers:

"The 'Orchids' were as tough a crowd
As Boston anywhere allowed;
It was a club of wicked men—
The oldest, twelve, the youngest, ten;
They drank their soda colored green,
They talked of 'Art' and 'Philistine,'
They wore buff 'wescoats' and their hair
It used to make the waiters stare!"

After detailing some more of their peculiarities, the author goes on to tell of their Regent, whom he characterizes at length:

"Fitz-Willieboy McFlubadub
Was Regent of the Orchids' Club;
A wild Bohemian was he,

And spent his money fast and free.
He thought no more of spending dimes
On some debauch of pickled limes,
Than you would think of spending nickels
To buy a pint of German pickles!

* * *

Fitz-Willieboy was so blasé,
He burned a *Transcript* up, one day!
The Orchids fashioned all their style
On Flubadub's infernal guile.
That awful Boston oath was his,—
He used to ejaculate, 'Gee-Whiz!'
He showed them that immoral haunt,
The dirty Chinese restaurant,
And there they'd find him, even when
It got to be as late as ten!"

As the Orchids became bolder and bolder, the good folks of Boston grew more and more scandalized.

"The Orchids went from bad to worse,
Made epigrams—attempted verse!
Boston was horrified and shocked
To hear the way those Orchids mocked,
For they made fun of Boston ways,
And called good men Provincial Jays!"

Finally, the wicked young men outstepped all bounds of decency and propriety and their club-room was raided.

"And there, the sergeant of the squad
Found awful evidence,—my God!—
Fitz-Willieboy McFlubadub,
The Regent of the Orchids' Club,
Had written on the window sill,
This shocking outrage—*Beacon 'H—ll!'*"

The illustrations throughout are very much like those of the Lark, excepting some, presumably by Mr. Herford, on the last page. There are the same boneless beings who strike strange attitudes and do all sorts of impossible things with serpentine arms and legs. The artist seems to have learned his art early in life, in his slate-and-pencil school days, and to have stuck rigidly to his first principles ever since.

Altogether, the Enfant Terrible is very agreeable and readable nonsense. Some persons will say that it is absolutely silly. But then the paper is not written for them. We wish it a long life and great prosperity. May it not share the fate of the Lark's immediate successor, Phyllida or the Milkmaid. That delightfully named periodical met an early death. We used to exchange with the Lark and on the announcement of Phyllida we wrote out to San Francisco to have her put on our lists. We soon received the following pathetic communication:

"Died, in this city, January, 15, 1897, Phyllida or the Milkmaid, aged two weeks and one day. No flowers."

If the Enfant Terrible should go the way of poor Phyllida, to an early grave, we should feel that all the nonsense was dying out of the world. And who could be so dismally solemn and matter of fact as not to grieve at that?

Professor Brander Matthews has drawn our attention to two highly interesting facts, both of which are legitimate reasons for Columbia men's self-congratulation. The first is of particularly timely interest. It is that while New Haven and Cambridge are in the very seventh heaven of delight over the rechristening of the American liners, New York and Paris, as the Harvard and the Yale, and while Old Nassau is consoling itself by the recollection that for some time a Princeton

has been in the process of construction, we have long been represented in the navy by no second-hand auxiliaries or half-constructed gunboat, but by the fastest ship of her size in the world, the famous protected commerce-destroyer, Columbia!

The second thing, more vitally important, when we are again able to turn our attention back to such matters from war and warriors, is gleaned from the pages of the Harvard Monthly. A table of statistics there published giving many figures concerning attendance etc., at the leading universities of the country, shows that nowhere is the ratio of instructors to students so great as at Columbia. There is here approximately one instructor to every seven students. At Harvard and Yale the ratio is about one to ten and eleven, and at Cornell, our closest rival in this matter, one to nine.

STILL another matter over which we may well rejoice is the choosing of our Professor Moore to fill the position of Assistant Secretary of State, left vacant by Judge Day. This is a virtual admission of what we, of course, have felt all along, that in a great national crisis, the government must turn to Columbia for assistance. Our best wishes go with Professor Moore. We are sorry to lose him; we console ourselves, however, with the knowledge that Columbia's loss is the Nation's gain.

THAT disgraceful little sheet, the Voice, in its last number had a characteristic article on Columbia. We knew that such an attack must come sooner or later, and we are quite prepared for it. Had it come earlier, we might have lost our heads and been led foolishly in a hot retort. We feel now that however exasperating such an article may be with all its vulgarity and falsehood, it cannot in the least harm us or the University. Very few persons of intelligence, we think, will be misled by the ravings and revelations of a temperance journal that seeks to further its cause by the methods of yellow journalism.

To a Rose Pressed in a Volume of Shakspere

Rose, thou shalt sleep in a tomb,
The loom
Of sweet poesie weave thee a shroud.
Above thee shall Romeo weep;
Beside thee his love wrapped in cloud
Of deathlike and terrible sleep.
Rose, as thou dreamest, oh, steep
Shakspere in perfume, heart-deep.

Robert Jermain Cole

The Paragon That Wasn't

THE Cynic tossed her calculus into a chair, extracted herself from among the pillows on the couch, and sauntered over to the hearth-rug, where the Humorist sat meditatively upon the table, gazing into the fire.

"Cheer up, Martie," yawned the Cynic, "why so sad?"

Melancholy is permitted in the chapter-room, but only when just cause for it is given; so the Humorist promptly confessed.

"I was thinking," said she, "of the depressing view of the life of an alumna which Evelyn Thomas gave me yesterday. She says her class very seldom see one another, even the girls who were most congenial in college. I was wondering whether our class would split up like that. Considering that we've only two months more before we graduate, the question is one of the utmost importance and interest, general and specific, active, present and future. And it makes me gloomy."

"If you people *will* talk," interrupted an appealing voice from the easy-chair, "how can I study? And I must finish this stuff. I'm going out every night the rest of this week, and shan't have another minute before Monday. But why should the class split its friendships?"

"Think, Emily, my child," exhorted the Humorist, "into what a variety of occupations we shall be scattered by this time next year! Hello, Phil!" she added, as the Mathematician tramped energetically into the room, and tumbled her books into a locker, "we *shall* be scattered, shan't we?"

"Scattered? Next year?" returned the Mathematician cheerily, "I shall be, I know—scattered as far as Ohio, where I'll be teaching the infant mind to add and to multiply, I suppose—something I never could do myself."

"Exactly," assented the Humorist, "you'll be teaching 'way out there; and the Cynic will be tutoring in Latin over in Jersey; and Caroline will be rising rapidly to partnership in that publishing house; and our domestic Emily will marry and keep house, and darn stockings. (Don't fire cushions at me! I know you will.) And the Paragon will go back to society and to balls and opera-boxes and the ranks of the Four Hundred. And I—I will come back here after an 'A.M.' and something to do; and I'll move around in loneliness and think how different it is from the good times when we saw one another all day and every day."

"Dismal prophecy!" laughed the Mathematician. "But quite likely. You'll end up by joining us at work in the world. But the Paragon—by the way, where *is* Ethel?"

"We sent her out after crackers," replied the Cynic. "The Sophomores are all fighting in class-meeting, and the Juniors are in a lecture; and we knew they'd all be even hungrier than we are when they turned up for the chapter meeting. So we delegated the Paragon to go out and buy an armful of crackers."

"I wish she'd hurry up," murmured the Mathematician, as she gazed wistfully into the empty cracker jar. But the Humorist's mind still ran on the future.

"You people who are going to work for your living have got the best of it," she declared. "We all get so rooted in the bad habit of having a steady occupation, that its going to be horribly hard to break off. Some day I'll get into a despairing state of idleness and I'll lure Ethel from society, and *we'll* go and teach, too, or catalogue books, or get on a newspaper."

"Not a bit of it," interrupted the Cynic. "Ethel wasn't made for that sort of thing. She has brains enough for it, goodness knows, but she was cut out to ornament a box at the opera (they need ornaments there badly enough) and a victoria on the Avenue, and altogether to figure as a shining light in society. She must sacrifice her brains, and live her destined career. By the way, Ethel's been so sort of quiet lately. I've been wondering whether there could be anything in that gossip in the paper a while ago—the rumor of her engagement to Howard Van Brocken. Of course it isn't true, is it, Phil? You must know. What sort of fellow is he?"

The Mathematician seized the poker and made a vicious attack on the fire. "Certainly it's not true," she exclaimed, contemptuously. "If you'd ever met him, you wouldn't ask. You couldn't imagine Ethel married to such a fool—in spite of the fine match people say it would be. As if Ethel had any need of his millions! He's good for nothing except idling about his clubs, drinking and betting, and occasionally showing himself at some society function."

"Good heavens, Phil!" laughed the Humorist, "you make him out quite the ideal, conventional, dissipated society hero."

"So he is," assented the Mathematician. "But with infinitely less brains than the average. Imagine Ethel—clever,

handsome Ethel, of whom we're all so proud—married to such a fool. Of course she wouldn't do it. She told me she despised him."

As the Mathematician's contemptuous indignation simmered into rest there came a kick at the door.

"Speak of angels——," ejaculated the Cynic, as she hurried to the knob, "it must be Ethel with the crackers."

The Paragon's arms were loaded with bundles. If you have never gone out from a hungry chapter on foraging expeditions to small Harlem grocery stores, you have probably no idea what a tremendously bulky package a few pounds of crackers make, and how miraculously quickly they vanish before a group of Barnardites.

"A vote of thanks to the Paragon," cried the Humorist, "for saving us from starvation. Get a sofa-cushion, Ethel, and come over on the rug by me."

Crackers are dry, when taken in doses of a quarter of a pound or so, and soon came naturally a suggestion of tea. With a spurt of energy the group broke up. Two undertook the exciting task of engineering a chronically ill-behaved alcohol lamp without spreading its flames all over the tea-table. Two others departed on a raid to the lunch-room for spoons. Deep in thought, the Paragon still sat by the fire. The Mathematician dropped down beside her. "Ethel," she said, anxiously, "there's something wrong with you. You've been so quiet lately. What's the matter? You haven't been studying too hard, have you?"

The Paragon hesitated a moment; then she spoke. "I've been intending to tell you, Phil," she said. "It's about money matters. You probably read in the papers the other day that the Silk Trust's gone to smash, just as Cordage did. Well, about all our money was in Silk. Mother told me the other night that we've hardly a cent; and, as you know, she

and I are practically alone in the world." She paused. "From thirty thousand a year to nothing is rather a drop," she added with a laugh. "So that's what's wrong, Phil. As they say in melodrama, 'My child, we are penniless!'"

A sudden crash and an "Oh, hang!" came from the other side of the room, as the erratic tea-kettle caused another burnt finger. But the engineers, with the aid of a duster, picked up the red-hot lid, and cheerfully proceeded with talk and tea-making.

At the fire-side there was silence for a moment, as the Mathematician laid her hand affectionately on her chum's shoulder. "I'm awfully sorry, Ethel," she said, slowly. "Sorrier than I can possibly tell you." Then, after a pause. "But after all you can get along very well without money. I know from experience. You can join us now,—the band who work for their living. Come, we'll be chums in our career in the world, as we've been in college. I've always been sure you'd make a tremendous success of a career—with all your brains and talent. Now you can prove it. You'll be remembered among the 'distinguished alumnae' some day." The Paragon smiled rather doubtfully.

"You've always had too good an opinion of me," she said. "Sometimes, Phil, I'm afraid I'm not plucky enough to earn my way in the world. It takes strength of mind to face the prospect." Then she threw back her head with a more cheerful confidence. "But that's what I'm going to do. There's no other way, is there? And at any rate we'll be comrades in work, as we've been for the past four years."

She rose, as the Junior members rushed in to rail at the innate unreasonableness of instructors; the Sophomores, to detail the late battle in class-meeting; and all to eat crackers and join in the general chatter of conversation—a conversation whose speeches always overlap, and whose distracting amount

of noise can be appreciated only after you have often and vainly tried to study through it. Then the chapter-meeting began.

* * * *

The Paragon was away on the following Monday, but on Tuesday, when the group of Seniors happened to accumulate again in the chapter-room, and idle there for a chat, she entered, apparently in high spirits. When the bell rang, as Barnard bells have an inopportune habit of doing, and some of the girls started for their books, the Paragon suddenly stopped them. She was leaning against a pillar of the big oak mantel, her hands clasped behind her head, her handsome face flushed and animated. "Wait a bit," she called; "I want to tell you something before you learn it from the papers. My classmates and chapter sisters, I am engaged. I am going to marry Mr. Van Brocken. Give me your good wishes!"

The Mathematician started from her chair. "You're joking, Ethel," she exclaimed, sharply. "You couldn't do it."

"I told you," rejoined the Paragon, chaffingly. "You didn't know my capabilities."

Then the smile died out of her face, and she spoke seriously. "My dear Phil, I have promised to marry him next June."

There was a pause, and, as the others stood in silence, the Mathematician stepped forward and held out her hand. "Then let me be the first to give you the grip," she said, "and to wish you, Ethel, the best of happiness."

V. C. G.

Rondel

They're coming on apace,
Those horrible exams;
O cursed be all the race
Of K– –n–rs and V–n Ams!

But vain are fervent "damns,"
The music I must face,
They're coming on apace,
Those horrible exams.

I've got to take a brace
And start nocturnal crams;
The dress-suit must give place
To sweater and pajams.
They're coming on apace,
Those horrible exams.

Clippings

Persicos Odi

Boy, I detest these modern innovations,
The Voice crusade may alter some men's habit,
But, as for me, I'll stick to my old rations,
Ale and a rarebit.

In vino vis. The pious dames of Ipswich
Knowing its worth and fearing lest men waste it,
Condemn its use in christening battleships, which
Can't even taste it.

Old Cato Major (and, no doubt, his wife, too)
Found in Falernian, mixed with milder Massic,
Courage which led him at his time of life, to
Read the Greek classic.

Yes, Cato drank, nor should we lightly damn a
Man who, at eighty and without coercion,
Mastered Liddell and Scott, and Hadley's grammar,
My pet aversion.

Elihu's ways, they say, are growing sinful,
Crimes that are nameless are committed daily.
Oscar! my toby, and I'll sin a skinful,
So to bed gaily.

C. E. M., Jr.
In Yale Courant

To Sally

Young Cupid, flying out one day,
  Got caught in Sally's tresses;
And as he could not get away,
  His love he now confesses.

The naughty maiden, for her sport,
  Keeps him in bondage there,
And laughs to think of having Love
  Entangled in her hair.

O Cupid, break your golden bars!
  She keeps you for a toy,
She's waiting for a man, my dear,
  You're nothing but a boy!

W. C. L.
From the Smith College Monthly

Arbutus

Ah, earliest of the spring,
You come glad news to bring
  Of brighter sky,
The winter-weary bee
Finds his first sweets with thee,
  And so do I.

What though the gale is cold
That drives adown the wold
  And o'er the lea,
The winter-tattered leaf;
I know its day is brief,
  'Tis sweet of thee.

Fred Lewis Pattee, '88
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